

The Historie of

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe :
Reueng the ieering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths :
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace Coosin, say no more!
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,
Send danger from the East vnto the west,
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple : the blood more stirres
To rowse a Lion then to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience,

Hot. By heauen me thinks it weare an easie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities :
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good Coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them.
No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

Henry the

Ile keepe them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpose,
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat;
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*,
Forbade my tongue to speake of
But I will finde him when he lies
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer*
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be t
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue
To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare you Coosin, a wor

Hot. All studies heere I solemn
Saue how to gall and pinch this
And that same Sword and Buckle
But that I thinke his Father loues
And would be glad he met with
I would haue him poysoned with

Wor. Farewell Kinsman, Ile ta
When you are better tempered to

Nor. Why what a Waspe-ton
Art thou, to breake into this won
Tying thine eare to no tongue bu

Hot. Why looke you, I am wh
Netled; and stung with Pismires,
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrook*
In *Richards* time, what doe you ca
A Plague vpon it, it is in *Glocester*
Twas where the mad-cap Duke
His vncl *Torke*, where I first bow
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bu*
Zbloud, when you and he came b

Nor. At *Barkly* Castle.
Why what a candie deale of curte
This fawning Grey-hound then
Looke when his infant Fortune c
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind

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